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VOLUME 40 ISSUE 09

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EDITORIAL

Over the past 12 years it has been my great pleasure to work with some excellent photographers. Some are legends, some try their hands for a year or two then disappear. Some are nice, some not so much. But one of the best photographers and a man who was always a pleasure to deal with was the great Jeff Kaine, who recently passed away. We shot some great stuff together for *Men Only* and the world of glamour is a poorer place for his passing. ♣

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PAUL RAYMOND
40 YEARS OF CLUB

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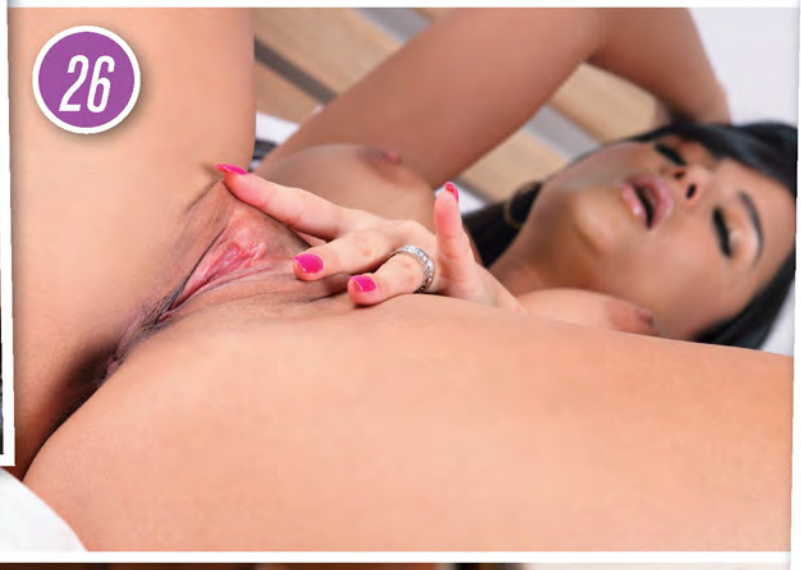
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LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V9NR or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

Dear Club,
I'm just over 6ft tall but that doesn't stop me wearing heels. One day, as I modelled my highest pair yet, my friends at work bet me that I'd tower over even Kevin, the tallest bloke in the office. I was mad when he won and shot him a dirty look, but he seemed to get off on having a woman stare him right in the eye. The smile and wink he gave me got me creaming my knickers all afternoon, and when he emailed asking for a date that night, I almost came in my seat.

As we walked to a local pub, I said, "Let's just go back to my place." But we only made it as far as a nearby car park. I dragged him into a dark corner and stuck my tongue in his mouth. He shoved me up against the fencing, saying he'd never had a real stand-up fuck before.

Big, rangy guys are usually built in proportion, and Kevin was no exception. My pussy pulsed as I wanked and caressed his hefty dick, and he pulled my knickers to one side. His long fingers probed me, then I hooked a leg up, slipping him inside of me.

He took it slow but strong, relishing each stroke. It raised me up on tiptoe as I clung to the fence, knuckles white. I've never felt so thoroughly fucked – his cock was pounding every inch of my pussy. Then he got less controlled and emptied a big load of jizz inside of me.

Back at my place, we had a drink and petted on the couch. As I fumbled for his dick again, he asked would I put on stockings and garters. I obliged, strutting around and showing off my sexy body. "Now bend over," he told me. I did, slowly and smoothly, feeling the garter straps stretch tight against my arse cheeks and thighs. I stood square on to him and knew he'd have a faceful of my bum and pussy.

He had trouble keeping his cool as he undressed and got in position. Then his big prick sunk into my hole. From the rear it felt even longer than before, and he fucked me so fast and furious right from the start I thought he'd rock me off of my feet.

His huge hands were groping my tits so I reached down to my clit, building up the friction until I orgasmed around Kevin's cock. Now he gave it all he had before cumming hard, deep inside me.

We spent all night fucking in my bed – king-size, of course! – and now people know we're dating, they say we're made for each other. One thing's for sure, his dick is made for me. A smaller dick won't satisfy me now I've got used to his heavy hitter.
Michelle, Liverpool

Courtney Cummz: Right up the Twitter!

TRICK OR TWEET!

Dear Club,
I'd call myself a big fan of porn stars, since the days of Seka, through to Jenna Jameson's reign and I still follow many of them today. But it's always been hard to make contact with them, even through their websites. So just like your man Matt Sanders I've got myself on Twitter, and it has been a revelation. I'm retired, so I'm probably pretty old for a 'Tweeter', but I've found that if you're polite to porn stars on it, they're more than happy to send you a message, flirt or even take a private picture for you. In fact, I'm in touch with so many of them that I'm becoming addicted!
Aaron, Essex

Yes, Sanders has long been telling us that Twitter is the best way to speak to porn stars, but we're still stuck with a phone from the 80's, so you'll have to tell us how you get on. By the time we get round to Twitter you'll be flying around on the moon with a jetpack.

HICKS = HAPPY DICKS!

Dear Club.
Can I make an unusual tribute, not to a model but to A phenomenal photographer –Hicks! He has featured in *Club* for some years and has a unique style just so outstanding that his sets always stand apart as immediately recognisable.

As with other brilliant photographers, he always features the most breathtakingly beautiful girls. However, he seems to connect with them into the most spectacularly relaxed, erotic and liberated poses. There is a tremendous attention to detail and every sensual aspect of each picture is perfect.

Another inimitable hallmark of his work is his genius use of natural light which gives the unique ability to make each set look lifelike. Combined with his astonishing use of close-up photography he is one of the few photographers who can create ecstatic intimate realism. You really feel you are right there between her legs and can taste her juicy labia.

The sensational Alexis in Vol. 40 No. 7 is typical of his iconic work. She is absolutely gorgeous but more so because she is so beautifully photographed. I could nearly taste her sensuous nipple buds and The close up of her soft, moist, crinkly fleshy petals is just sublime (page 44). I adore her defiant pose on page 48, pulling completely open her lady hole and the look in her eyes as if to say, "Yes your cock could be going up there right now!"

Finally I loved the poster poser – legs spread-eagled, a neatly trimmed thatch of pubic hair then the most beautiful, delicate labial flower ruckled below… perfection. Hicks is an absolute genius. Please, I beg, a Hicks set in every issue?
James, London

Thanks James, it's not often we get letters about photographers, who are indeed the unsung heroes of our magazine. We love Hicks too, and whenever he's got something for us, we always want it. He's a master at lighting, at getting the girls to relax on camera and still delivers the money shots we demand. More power to him!

PHOTOS: IAIN THOMSON

GREAT SCOT! ♣

Katy lets us north of her border...

Scotland might not be able to produce good footballers any more (coming from us down here in London!), but there are no problems with their totty production line. Fresh off it is Katy, a 23-year-old with classic good looks, long legs and a taste for the finer things in life. Like monkeys. Erm...

"I'm obsessed with funny animal pictures and videos," she giggles, Scottishly. "Every morning my email inbox is full of links from friends. I'm supposed to be concentrating on my modelling career, but I spend at least two hours a day laughing at cute kangaroos and baby elephants."

We've got a snake you'll find hilarious right here, Katy... ♣

KATY

Club's Rough Guide

With help from his magic sports radar, knowledge base and Wikipedia, Matt Loxham attempts to give us the lowdown on three forthcoming highlights in the sporting calendar...

The Rugby Union World Cup – New Zealand – September 9th to October 23rd

It's the biggest tournament in rugby and the one they all obviously want to win, but no team will be more desperate to lift the Webb Ellis Trophy this time around than hosts New Zealand, who kick off proceedings on home turf at the 60,000 capacity Eden Park stadium against Tonga on September 9th.

Although they won the very first World Cup back in 1987 (also on home turf, beating France 29-9 at Eden Park), and have been rated number one side in the world pretty much ever since international rankings were introduced in 2003, the All Blacks are serial bottlers at this competition, mostly managing to flop in the semi-finals when in previous matches they've been playing like cast-iron certainties to lift the trophy.

However, considering they're in their own backyard, have been drawn in an easy group alongside relative minnows such as Japan, Canada and the aforementioned Tongans, not to mention the fact they're once again rated the best team on the planet, it's no surprise that New Zealand are huge odds-on favourites with the bookies to grow some balls and actually win the thing this time around.

Even better for the All Blacks, most of their main rivals are in disarray. Australia were recently humbled in Sydney by the rapidly improving Samoans, and current World Cup holders South Africa have an inexperienced squad packed with youngsters who are largely untried at the very top level. On paper it looks so easy for the host nation, but who knows what might happen in the pressure cooker of a World Cup semi-final in front of a packed house of expectant rugby-mad supporters?

As for hopes on these shores, after victory at the Six Nations - albeit a victory tinged with the disappointment of being deprived of a Grand Slam clean sweep of wins with defeat by Ireland – England go into the World Cup in decent form.

The presence of sworn rivals Scotland in their qualifying group is sure to fire Martin Johnson's men up from the kick off, and with the so-called big three Southern Hemisphere teams of New Zealand, Australia and South Africa weighed down by the aforementioned problems and pressures of their own, the knockout stages could easily see England cause a few upsets. Indeed, they've already managed to upset All Blacks fans by announcing that they'll be wearing a black jersey during the tournament, although admittedly these are All Blacks fans who should probably go and get a fucking life.

Taking into account their disappointing Six Nations campaign, Scotland will struggle to make an impact on the tournament, although Ireland, who broke English hearts in the Six Nations and who are currently one place higher in the official world rankings, might easily be something of a cat amongst the pigeons in the knockout rounds with mercurial captain Brian O'Driscoll leading the way. A difficult group featuring Samoa, Fiji and South Africa will most likely see the Welsh on an early flight home.

Club Predicts:
Winners – New Zealand
Runners Up - England

U.S Open Tennis – Flushing Meadow, New York City – August 29th to September 11th

The four big Grand Slam tournaments have been dominated by Rafael Nadal and Roger Federer in recent years, but 2011 has seen one man usurp them both and revitalise men's tennis in the process. Serbia's Novak Djokovic has won both the Australian Open and Wimbledon this season, beating Federer and Nadal along the way, and as the man in form – Djokovic also put together an incredible 43 match winning streak earlier in the year and is the current World Number One – is the clear favourite to serve out a fantastic season and bag a hugely impressive hat-trick of Slams with victory in New York.

But with his esteemed rivals bristling at being knocked off their lofty perches and gunning for revenge it won't be easy. Djokovic now carries the weight of expectation, and many will point to the fact that Nadal was

It's an egg. Chuck it!

They haven't got a hoop!

injured, tired and below par at Wimbledon yet still managed to test Djokovic, and that the hard courts of the U.S. Open are a surface on which the Spaniard thrives. After all, Nadal is the reigning champion.

As for Federer, it would be rude to write him off after a few blips, and he'll no doubt be looking to make amends for a disappointing Wimbledon and end the season on a high. Let's not forget that the Fed Express loves this tournament and won it five times consecutively between 2004 and 2008.

The scene is set for a fascinating three-way shootout at Flushing Meadows. What about Andy Murray? After reaching the final here last year the dour Scottish nearly-man can't be ruled out, but serious doubts remain as to if he's got the game to actually go on and win one of the slams. Time will tell.

Ladies tennis has witnessed even more upheaval than the men's game in 2011, with both Williams sisters recently returning from injury and struggling for form, World Number Two and winner of this tournament for the last two years Kim Clijsters sidelined with a dodgy ankle, a resurgent Maria Sharapova reaching the Wimbledon final, and the rise to prominence of relative newcomers such as Caroline Wozniacki and this year's Wimbledon champion Petra Kvitova. It really is anyone's Slam when it comes to the girls, but personally I'll be hoping for a good run from both Sharapova and Wozniacki. Purely for tennis-based reasons, of course.

Club Predicts:
Men's Winner – Novak Djokovic
Ladies Winner – Maria Sharapova

Eurobasket 2011 – Lithuania – August 31st to September 18th

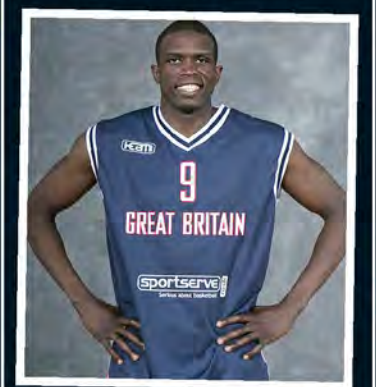
No, this isn't some shitty new supermarket set to rival the likes of Lidl and Aldi. In fact, it's a major biennial Basketball tournament, and even though the United States, the current World and Olympic champions, obviously won't be involved, Eurobasket 2011 will still see some of the best teams on the planet go head to head to see who are the slam dunk kings of the continent.

Tipping off on August 31st and held in Lithuania who, after narrowly missing out on the bronze medal to Argentina at the 2008 Beijing Olympics, will start as one of the favourites to win the thing, Eurobasket is all set to provide court fans with thrills, spills and also a useful insight into who will provide the mighty Americans with their stiffest competition at the 2012 Olympics.

Reigning champions and silver medallists in Beijing, Spain, are most people's bet for the title with hosts Lithuania a close second, the latter of whom will be cheered on by a basketball-crazy home support.

> **"Hope for a good run from Sharapova. Purely for tennis-based reasons, of course..."**

Dark horses France boast four players who strut their stuff stateside in the National Basketball Association (NBA), and both 2010 World Championship runners-up Turkey and silver medallists at the last Eurobasket, Serbia, should be there and thereabouts.



From a home perspective and with the London Olympics drawing ever closer, the most interesting aspect of Eurobasket will be the progress of Team Great Britain, who finished bottom of their group in 2009 and who didn't even qualify for last year's World Championships. With guaranteed entry to the Olympics as hosts Team GB will be looking to show that they are worthy of that place with a decent showing at Eurobasket 2011, and much of the responsibility for that will no doubt fall upon the broad shoulders of Chicago Bulls superstar Luol Deng, the Sudanese-born six-foot-nine 'small forward' who is the lynchpin of the British team.

The credentials of Deng and co will be tested right from the outset with a tough game against hosts Lithuania. Expect boisterous crowds, scintillating slam-dunk action, but perhaps not a British win. Still, we're probably better than them at netball. Aren't we?

Club Predicts:
Winners – Lithuania
Runners-up - Spain

SCRUFF JUSTICE!

We don't grumble at grumble...

RATINGS: ★ DIRTY DIGGER ★★ DIRTY DEN ★★★ DIRTY DOZEN ★★★★ DIRTY BUSINESS ★★★★★ DIRTY GIRLS

Young Harlots Dirty Business
(Harmony)

The *Young Harlots* series ploughs on relentlessly, the government continuing to turn a blind eye to the interesting educational reforms it proposes. Oh well, we're paying attention. It's the cream of the UK and Europe again as northern nympho Syren Sexton slips on her fishnets and then slips a big dick into her foo-foo. Former *Club* Reader's Girlfriend Megan Coxxx grabs the boxcover and swings both ways in a couple of searing scenes. When it comes to sheer filth, however, it's the Euro girls doing the DP's and taking the anal poundings. Come on, Brit babes, you're really slacking in your studies. ★★★★

Fuck My Pussy
(Union Films)

Away from the high-concept porn and the big budget parodies, sometimes all you want to get your suds flying is a compilation of British girls lying down and taking it in fine style. These scenes aren't new – some of these girls are well and truly retired – but it's nice to be reminded of how well Elizabeth Michelle Lawrence and Victoria Brown could fuck on their day. Keisha Kane, Emma Louise, Paige Ashley and Tia Layna make up the numbers, and for those who can't be arsed with anal sex, this is a rarity: a bumsex-free zone. ★★★

Amy Azurra's Gallery
(Bluebird Films)

I've never heard of Azy Azurra before, but here she is, proud as punch on the front of Bluebird's latest. Turns out she's a massive knockered sort from Canada, sharing screen time with some other heavily hootered chums – and a couple of natural bints too. Here be hardcore fuckers like Luna Luxx and Carmella Bing, alongside British exports Tanya Cox and Alysha Leigh. Throw in an smattering of Euro bints and Amy is clearly a popular girl. We like her so much we'd happily soak her funbags in the flesh, and that's an offer we only make several times a day. ★★★★

PHOTOS: HOLLY RANDALL

GIVE IT SOME WELLY! ♣

Sandy makes a splash...

Such is Sandy's standing among *Club* readers that we almost bite her hand off whenever she wants to make a comeback, however brief. This time, we bit her arm off as well.

"I miss being in *Club*," Sandy says, "especially the big bag of post I'd get every month. But I'm running my own business now, so I don't get to share my pussy too often any more."

Well, even a glimpse is welcome in these parts.

"Oh, I'll keep giving you a glimpse whenever I can. If I could choose one bunch of fans in the whole world to keep happy, it'd be *Club* readers!" ♣

SANDY

Sasha's Secrets

Every month, Club's sensational regular girl Sasha will act out your fantasies. She's not shy – write to her and tell her exactly what you want her to do. Who knows, you might be lucky enough to get Britain's fittest lass juicing up over your letter and then making it come to life. Oh, and she gets even dirtier online, where we've got the pics we can't show you in the mag!

Sasha

It's frustrating that lots of shops won't let me get really, really dirty! I know you can buy hardcore magazines in some shops – I buy them sometimes! – but if I did the things I wanted to do, we'd get banned from your friendly local newsagent! Why am I telling you this? Well, I know it's annoying if you haven't got the internet, but I got really carried away at the end of this photoshoot with a dildo. In the end, the photographer almost had to throw water over me to stop me. I couldn't stop fucking myself to orgasm after orgasm. You can see those pictures online – and if you can't, then use your imagination. After all, I was imagining it was one of your lovely real cocks I was using! ♣

Dear Sasha

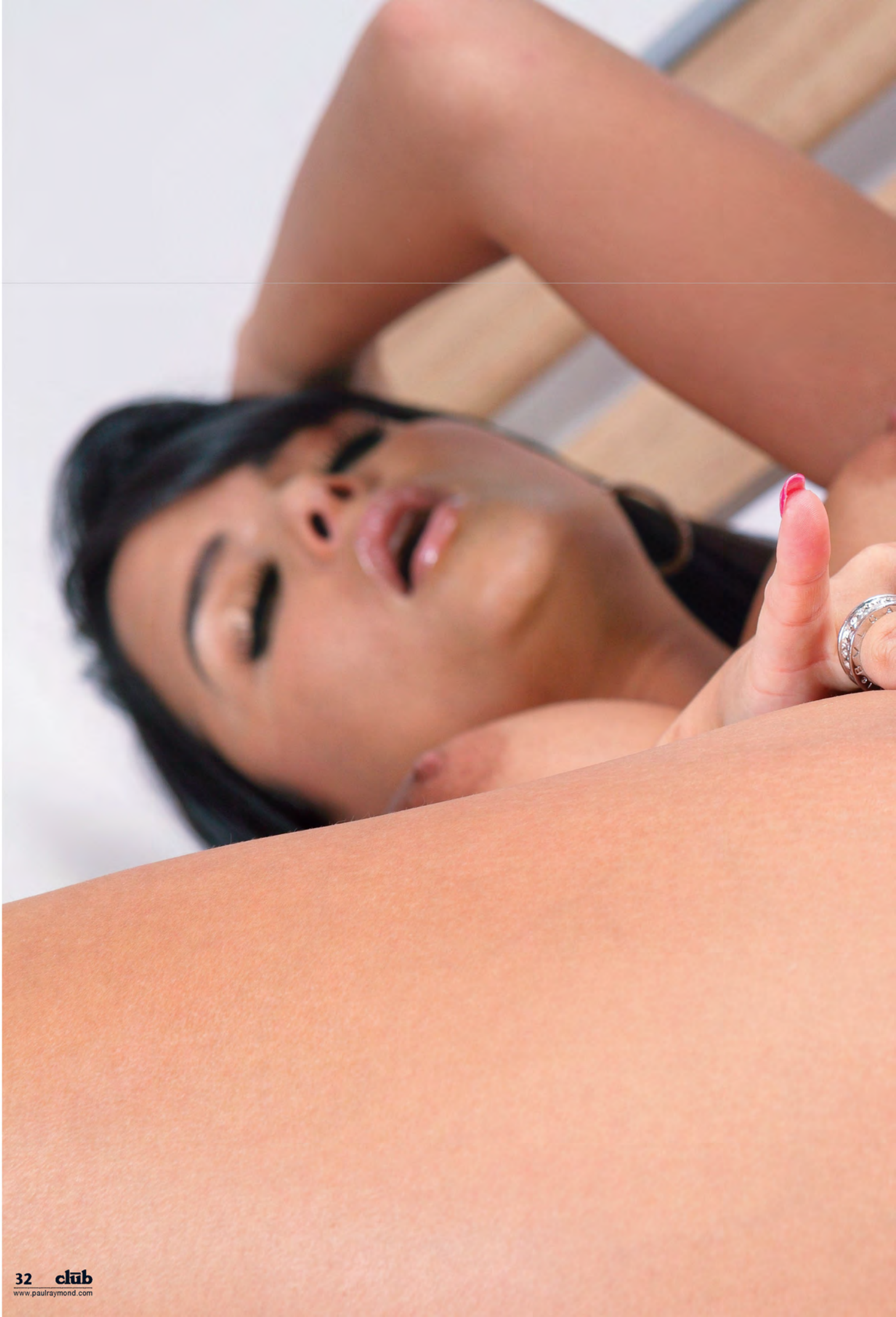
I know a lot of people are into uniforms and outfits and fetishes – and more power to their elbows – but I'm really not. I don't even like lingerie that much. I like a girl to be totally nude from head to toe, with very little make-up. Just really natural and innocent, but ready for a naughty time. Can you make wish come true, Sasha?
Raymond, Tavistock

Where've you been, Ray? I was totally nude only a month or so ago – although I was risking arrest by being naked outdoors in a busy city. I know what you mean though – sometimes I don't want the mystery of lingerie or clothing, I just want to see what I'm getting!

Dear Sasha

I've always thought of myself as a bum man, until you came along. Now, every single month, I find myself dreaming about your tits. I don't care if you've been to see a surgeon or not – I really don't – it's all about those suckable nipples. I think I could lick and suck on them for hours and hours, without ever getting tired. How about you, Sasha, do you enjoy having your tits played with?
Pete, Hampshire.

Ooh, I do Pete. I'm not orgasmic when my nipples are sucked, but it definitely helps get me on my way! I always play with them when someone goes down on me – it'd be nice to have one bloke to eat my pussy and another to look after my boobs. Of course, only if you both promise to shoot your lovely milky loads all over my tits at the end! ♣



SASHA

club's kit bag

The page with extra ports...

Apple iMac 27"

B & O BeoSound 8

HTC Flyer

B & O BeoSound 8

£900.

www.bang-olufsen.com

Bang and Olufsen have always had a good old chunk of that high-end lifestyle hi-fi market sewn up for as long as I can remember. They've segued seamlessly into the dock-era as well, catering to those who don't want to plug their iPod into any old tinny load of shite.

You pay for that, of course, and before dropping the best part of a grand on this, you might want to consider the quality of music on your iPod. There is absolutely no point pumping your weedy 128kb rips through this beauty. Obviously, being B & O, it looks the part as well as sounding extremely lovely.

Pros: Lovely looking, lovely sounding.

Cons: It's a £900 iPod dock.

HTC Flyer

£599

www.htc.com

The main problem with the HTC Flyer – the latest entrant into the increasingly crowded tablet market – is that it might want to steal some of the shine from the ubiquitous iPad, but it's attempting to do so at a pretty steep price. You'd think competitors would want to undercut Apple's somewhat steep pricing. HTC are a very solid brand, of course, and this mini-marvel is great for browsing, viewing and is packed with features. But apart from being smaller than the iPod, it's hard to think of much that it does better. HTC might have carved themselves a good chunk of the mobile market, but they're not exactly off to a flyer in the tablet world.

Pros: Size makes it very portable, good HTC quality.

Cons: Just short of £600 for something not better than the iPhone.

Apple iMac 27"

From £1800

www.apple.com

Around the globe, people are working overtime to provide the self-justification required to purchase this. Yes, it's the bleeding edge of Macs, yes, it has a 3.4GHz Inter Core i7 processor plus new fangled Thunderbolt ports which make data transfers a dream. And okay, it has a beautiful screen and everything bar a built-in Panini maker. But it's £1800. And in a year, it'll be less than that, but something else even better will be £1800. In other words, unless you're a designer in desperate need, you don't really, really need this. It is lovely and ace, however.

Pros: Apple doing what Apple does best.

Cons: A lot of wonga. ♣

PHOTOS: BECK IMAGES

EASY RYDER!

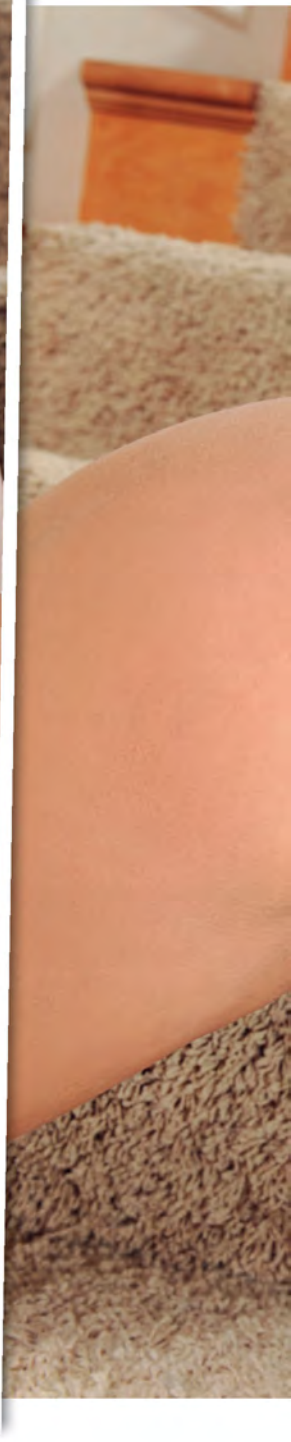
We'd like Dylan to bob...

Dylan Ryder is not to be fucked with. Well, she is if you're one of her extremely lucky co-stars in her slew of adult movies. But outside of those, she is not to be fucked with. When she took a brief hiatus from doing sex on film, she spent time as a correctional officer. Well, there are worse fates than being banged up by Dylan Ryder.

"Yeah, but I couldn't wait to get back to the world of porn, to be honest," she reveals. "Being spat and shouted at by prisoners who've seen me in magazines and films isn't exactly a dream job. Now I get to go and do a job where everyone on set wants to fuck me, and guys watching it want to jerk off over me. It sure beats cavity searches!"

Hmm, the two jobs might just have something in common... ♣

DYLAN



POPSHOT CULTURE!

IF YOU'RE READING THIS, CHANCES ARE YOU LIKE LOOKING AT VIDEOS AND PICTURES OF WOMEN WITH THEIR CLOTHES OFF BEING FUCKED. GOOD. SO DO I, SAYS INTERNET FILTH-HOUND MATT SANDERS...

PORN STAR RETIREMENT HOME

Where we look back at the cock-slurpers who hung up their chaps...

No. 13 – Flick Shagwell

A Brit this month, as we celebrate the sadly-on-hiatus career of one Flick Shagwell. Born in Wimbledon in 1979, Flick entered the world of adult entertainment in the year 2000, leaving the shores of home to make her fortune as a porn star in the US. She took the name Flick from the lead character in *A Bug's Life*, and Shagwell from the character Felicity Shagwell in the *Austin Powers* movies, but rumours abound that her real name might be Becky (although she's gone under a fair few nom des plumes in her time). With her girl next door looks and pert 32B boobs, she was a popular adult film actress, even if she never really set the world on fire. She managed to snag a couple of AVN Awards in the mid-2000s, but then jacked it all in sometime around 2006 to become a make-up artist. We're not sure of her current whereabouts, but it's safe to assume she's mopping jizz off the face of younger starlets and reapplying their lipstick these days, as opposed to getting a faceful herself. We'd like to see this perky brunette back on the end of a schlong again, so if you see her on your travels, do ask her to make an appearance again. For old time's sake.

BIRD OFF THE BOIL

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU? OR WOULD YOU?

THIS MONTH: Fergie

Okay, of course you would. Yeah, she might be in that preposterously shit 'band' Black-Eyed Peas, purveyor of the kinds of songs that make you want to shave your ears off, but she's pretty fit. But there's something not quite right about her. Maybe it's the eyes, or the puffy cheeks, but there's something about Fergie that makes her seem waaaay more MILFy than she oughta be at the age of 36. She looks like a frisky aunt at a wedding, especially with her proclivity toward push-up bras and short skirts. She's trying too hard to be sexy, and for some reason her face is already telling you she's going to look like your nan within ten years. And no-one wants to wake up next to their nan. Still, you'd definitely give her one and so would I, end of story. And that night would probably be a good night.

Come and follow me on Twitter: @popshotculture I want to share my nasty little world with you...

NEWS OF THE SCREWS

YOUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF THE BIG STORIES IN THE PORN BIZ

3 DOUBLE-D

Hustler Video have announced that most of their upcoming hardcore epics will be shot in 3D from now on. They began the trend with their *This Ain't Avatar XXX* parody, followed it up by shooting *This Ain't Ghostbusters XXX* in three big lovely dimensions, and now say most of their big budget output will get the same treatment. With 3D tellies coming down in price, it looks like we'll all be dodging cumshots in the safety of our own living rooms very soon.

GREY MATTERS

Sasha Grey may have retired (for the time being) from porn, but the game-for-anything sex-minx is still causing controversy. Her recent appearance in the banned Eminem video for *Space Bound* (banned for violent imagery, rather than sexual, surprisingly) is just another notch on her non-porn career, along with the likes of her decent turn in arty director Steven Soderbergh's *The Girlfriend Experience*, her first photography book *Neü Sex*, and her membership of industrial noise band Telecine. So what's the sperm-supping polymath gonna do next? More mainstream films on the horizon, we're told. She could be the new Julia Roberts at this rate. But a Julia Roberts you've seen with two cocks in her bum.

jizz on my twits

THE BIT ABOUT BABES WHO LOVE TO BLOG...

You know what they say about redheads – fiery tempers, freckles and ginger pubes. Busty 30-something porn goddess Kylie Ireland ticks all those boxes with aplomb (well, when her pubes aren't sheared off) and a few days spent checking out her tweets will certainly attest to that. She can fly off the handle pretty quickly with anyone who dares to dis her, she's clearly a smart cookie, and she has plenty of jokes to make at the expense of us Brits (which is mainly due to her fella being an Englishman). Kylie doesn't just star in porn; she's a radio DJ, street artist, porn producer and director, and photographer. She's also outspoken, witty and perfectly happy to post photos of her whopping cleavage from time to time. Let's check out some of her recent tweetage:

"Not to curse it or anything, but this day sorta has that "fuck you" feeling to it."

"You can tell its a really hot day when all the cats are melted and resemble Dali paintings."

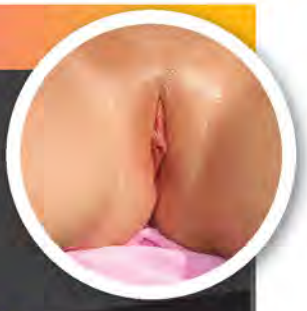
"I have just been told that I take a good facial. Read into that what you will."

"Gotta get into the shower and get sexified! A stranger may arrive at my door soon..."

Follow Kylie at *www.twitter.com/kylieireland* to keep tabs on her exploits. Just don't be rude to her – you'll get an earful of abuse in return.

Top Five...

Pube Styles



Which way do you prefer your fanny presented?

5: The Bush
Made popular in the 1970s, The Bush is basically what happens to a minge when someone forgets to trim, shave or wax it. A slovenly disgrace, basically. Now only seen on 'progressive' porn stars who are trying to bring it back. We don't think it'll catch on.

4: The Vajazzle
Popularised by massive tanned slags in Essex, this silly style involves getting sequins glued on to the woman's pubic mound, therefore presumably causing much chafing during sex. The epitome of not classy at all.

3: The Landing Strip
Classy, elegant and stylish, The Landing Strip (or French Wax) involves shaving around the important bits (i.e. the love-lips) but leaving a handy stripe of pubes above it, so you know where to land the old fella.

2: The Brazilian
Once unheard-of, now the most popular way for a lady to fashion her cunt, the classic Brazilian removes all trace of hair, leaving said cunt looking peach-like. Also known as the Sphinx, for some reason.

1: The Bikini Wax
I like to see a little bit of pube myself, so the Bikini Wax (or American Wax) is perfect – retains the shape of the pubis, removes unsightly straggly hairs, leaving the pussy ready for action. Wouldn't have it any other way.

ye olde days edition
PRICKIPEDIA
SEXY SEX FACTS ABOUT SEX

Sex education was first introduced into English schools in 1889 (although back then it was mainly about obscene ladies' ankles)

Until 1884, a Victorian-era woman could be sent to prison for denying her husband sex (seems a bit harsh, but I've heard of worse laws)

The word 'sex' was coined in 1382 (apparently. No idea who by or why or where. But that's what it says here)

Napoleon's penis was sold to an American urologist for $40,000 (which goes to prove that urologists are paid waaaaay too much)

PHOTOS: DAN GLEBALLS

MAYE POLE! ♣

Dirty Danielle is all about the D.I.C.K...

Ever since making her debut in *Club* as a Reader's Girlfriend, Danielle Maye hasn't looked back. She's appeared in scores of magazines, shot with the cream of the UK's glamour girls, and now she's back in *Club* – as the centrefold. So, it's all good, eh, Danielle?

"Well, I hate to moan," pouts the cutie, "after all I'm very lucky at the moment. But while I've virtually got fanny on tap, I haven't had any dick in months."

Months? We thought you'd be tripping over knobs.

"You'd think so, but I'm having a terrible run. And while I can call a girlfriend and get some sex, it's not the same as having a hard dick to play with for a night. I've got three holes to be filled. Won't anybody help me out?"

Yes. We've just choked on our cuppa as well... ♣

INTERNATIONAL
club

DANIELLE

READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR (or email clubint@paulraymond.com). If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Shelly **AGE:** 20
FAVE SEX: I'll take any!
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? Cheeky and fun with a naughty side.

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
A girlfriend of mine was in it last year, and she looked amazing, so I thought I'd try it too.

WE'RE GLAD YOU DID.
Me too. I'm not sure I want to be a model or anything, but to be in a magazine full of hot girls is a real turn-on.

WHAT TURNS YOU ON ABOUT IT?
Well, I know what men do with magazines like *Club*! And it's a very powerful thought that men are potentially looking at your pictures while they've got hard-ons!

THERE'S NO 'POTENTIALLY' ABOUT IT!
Really? That's got me very horny. I hope I get lots of spunk wasted on me!

IT'S NEVER WASTED!
It is if it isn't going in my mouth! Some of my girlfriends don't like the taste of spunk, but I love it. Getting a warm blast after giving a blowjob is the ultimate thrill, but I suppose getting blokes to wank over my pictures is a close second! ♣

SHELLY

HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER, GET YOUR KIT OFF AND MAKE €250!

READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to:

clubint@paulraymond.com

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

JOSIE AND MY PUSSY!

On our way to a festival in Germany we got caught in a vicious lightning storm and decided that we had better stop rather than press on into the increasing gloom. A quick stop at a tourist office told us that most of the local accommodation had already been taken but there were spaces available at an old B&B a mile out of whatever town we happened to be in. We were warned that the woman who ran the place was a tad traditional but we weren't really in a position to refuse a warm, dry bed for the night.

The guide called ahead and when we arrived, a great Fraulein greeted us at the gate, seemingly oblivious to the torrential downpour. She eyed all four of us suspiciously and stated, "There are two rooms, one double and one twin. Girls sleep with girls and boys sleep with boys. That way there's no funny business." We were all desperately trying not to laugh as the lads opted for the twin room, leaving Josie and myself with the double.

The room was more than comfortable and we were treated to a very welcome meal of tasty soup and great doorstops of bread and butter as well as a couple of bottles of wine. However, as our hosts began to pack-up and switch the lights out, it became apparent that it was bedtime. We bid good night to the lads and headed to our room.

Rather than getting another soaking to get our luggage, we decided to make do with what we had. A quick hot shower made all seem right with the world and I slipped naked between crisp tight sheets and flicked the television on whilst Josie showered. She pottered around the room in a large fluffy towel for a while before coming to bed. I heard the wet towel drop heavily to the floor but kept my eyes averted as she slid in beside me. However, as we chatted I couldn't help but notice that she

hadn't pulled the sheet up over her bare breasts as I had and I found myself wondering what they felt like in comparison to my own.

Flicking up through the channels, there was one that seemed to be showing a porno of some kind. I automatically hurried past it but Josie told me to go back. To be honest, in this day and age it was pretty tame stuff, however there was a lot of good-looking naked flesh, both male and female and I could feel sexual tension building. If my boyfriend had been here, my fingers would be wrapping around his cock about now. My erect nipples were standing out even through the thick sheets and I could feel my juices beginning to flow as my body prepared for sex. I was longing to touch myself but there was no way I could get away with any movement 'down below' whilst sharing the bed. I was aware of Josie's warmth; in fact she seemed to be much closer to me than she'd been. I couldn't believe it but I was secretly hoping that she was going to touch me, which made the pressure in my groin worse.

> **"Her fingertips traced down the side of my pussy, before settling on my clitoris"**

I adjusted myself slightly and suddenly we were touching. Flesh against flesh, I wasn't exactly sure which bits were touching but the sensation was electrifying. I didn't think it would go any further and I jumped when her hand found my knee. It stopped momentarily, awaiting a rebuke but as none came, her hand traced a more confident path up my thigh. My legs came apart, willing Josie to touch my most intimate area. Teasingly, her fingertips traced down the side of my pussy, before finding my lips and following them achingly slowly upwards and settling on my burning clitoris.

We didn't speak and I barely dared to breathe as Josie started rubbing. The sensations were intense, her soft breasts pressing against my upper arm, the heat of her legs wrapped around mine and finally the wet touch of her pussy on my upper thigh. The enormous sexual tension that had been building was about to detonate at this unexpected turn of events. This was going to be the first orgasm that a girl had given me. That thought set me over the edge and I tried feverishly to keep quiet for fear that our hosts might hear and throw us out into the rain. As my body pulsed in exquisite ecstasy Josie burst out laughing at my muted squeaks and squeals and I couldn't help but join in with her. My pussy was still pulsing a few seconds later when there was the unmistakable sound of disapproving banging on the wall. This set off peals of laughter which were muffled by pillows.

When the laughter died down, Josie flipped onto her back and I saw her legs come apart under the sheets. It was obviously an invitation for me to return the favour. My left hand traced across female flesh for the first time. I took the opportunity to squeeze her breasts, enjoying the soft firmness before

exploring the smooth flat expanse of her belly and finally delving down between her legs. I found Josie's groove and she instantly arched up in fiery pleasure. I'm not sure whether it was an orgasm or not but I waited for her to calm down and tried touching her again, with the same result. "I'm a bit sensitive down there," she said unnecessarily.

I had a really dirty idea and as I moved down, the way Josie looked at me told me that she wanted me to do it. I kissed across her shoulder, down over her breast, pausing to lightly chew her nipple, and then I continued down through the roughness of her shaved pubis before landing softly between her legs.

The musk and heat of her pussy was deliciously inviting and I dropped my lips gently down onto her sex. There was still a jolt from her body but it wasn't nearly as intense and I was able to gently suck on her labia, drawing them into my mouth. Her mound pushed out to meet me and I explored more deeply between her folds, opening my mouth and pushing a soft tongue into her flesh. There was a frighteningly loud moan from up the bed after which things became much more muted as Josie made use of the spare pillow.

I was really enjoying my first taste of pussy and made a prolonged exploration, even daring to drop down and rake my tongue across Josie's anus. I loved the taboo element of this act and lingered, trying to force my tongue into that tight hole. However, it was time to give Josie what she needed and I replaced my tongue with a finger, which I pushed gently into her bum and moved upward with my tongue, seeking out Josie's clitoris.

A muffled groan of pleasure told me that the prominent hard nub was what I needed to concentrate my efforts on and I began a gentle circling rhythm that was my favourite way of getting off. I could feel the pressure building quickly and even her consciously stifled reaction told me that a massive orgasm was close. I imagined the fire in her clit flooding uncontrollably through her body as her legs clamped around my head and I felt the muscles spasm around my finger in her arse. When she released me, I crawled back up the bed and the night went eerily quiet.

"That was fucking amazing," Josie whispered hoarsely.

"So much for no funny business," I laughed quietly as I curled my body in next to Josie's, feeling more than a little pleased with my first lesbian experience.

Katherine, Oxon

> **"I felt his balls bunch up, then creamy streams of jizz ran down my throat"**

JERKING OVERTIME!

The rule at our firm's small office building is last one out locks up, so after working late one night, I checked the other floors. That's when I walked in on my colleague Max, cock in hand, totally oblivious. He didn't notice me watching for a few moments.

It was only when I tried to sneak back out that he spotted me. He didn't seem embarrassed, more like he was getting a horny thrill from being caught red-handed. I suddenly thought this might be fun, licked my fingers and stuck them in my panties – I was already juicing up.

Now I pulled them back out, stuck them under his nose. He grabbed my hand and licked it clean, then guided it down to his prick. As I wanked him, feeling how rigid and throbbing he was, I talked dirty in his ear, telling him I wanted to get my mouth around it.

Next thing I was on my knees, jerking him up against my naked tits as he squeezed them. Then I put his wet tip on my tongue, and started to suck him in a little at a time. He had a big dick and I knew I'd never deepthroat it all, but he liked it when I sucked on his helmet and stroked his shaft. I had a hand between my legs, frigging away, but once I'd cum, I used my juice-sticky fingers on his balls.

As I rolled them I felt them bunch up, then creamy streams of jizz ran down my throat. He just slumped back in his chair, but when I went to leave, he told me to stick around. "Your turn now," he said.

He bent me over the desk, knickers down, and knelt in behind me, eating my cunt. His fingers were working my clit, his mouth on my hole and the harder I ground on his face the deeper he ate me. This got him stiff again very quickly and he stood up, leaned over my body and asked did I want some cock. The second I told him yes, he was inside of me. He screwed me hard and urgent, hands squeezing my tits, his cock stretching my fanny wider on every stroke. I felt like such a bad girl, taking cock in the office, and as I began frigging my clit, I came again, harder than the last time.

He felt it, felt my tight twat pulsate around his shaft, and with a groan he shot his load, pushing me against the desk to get in as deep as he could, jet after jet of the good stuff blasting deep inside me. As he pulled me back up against him for one final grope of my tits, I felt him slide out and our mingled cum gush out down my thighs.

Now Max lets me know anytime he's working late. I'm sitting at my desk, very wet, hoping he will tonight…

Melanie, South Shields ♣

INTERNATIONAL club

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OFF YOUR HEDONIST

In case you're now boycotting BSkyB...

RATINGS: ★ CALCULATING PI ★★ AMERICAN PIE ★★★ PIZZA PIE ★★★★ PIE 'N' MASH ★★★★★ HAIR PIE

Evil Rising

(Matchbox Films, DVD £15.99)

We're all up for a no-name horror – it's one of the pleasures of a Friday night, along with a takeaway – but it makes a world of difference when you get one from a director with genuine directing chops. Antti-Jussi Annila, a Finn, helms this cracking movie, set in 1595 after peace breaks out between Sweden and Russia. Brothers Erik and Knut are charged with marking a border between Russia and Finland, during which arduous task there is a murder and they abandon a young girl to her death. In a remote village, they're haunted by the girl's spirit, in an original, atmospheric and highly original European chiller.

★★★

book club

Every page laminated...

Pie in the Sky – The Complete Collection

(Fremantle Media Enterprises, DVD £99.99)

Pie in the Sky was probably ahead of its time. In 1994, when it first screened, we were knee deep in detective shows, but now we're neck deep in them. We're now also obsessed with chefs. Well, this had both, so it's a great time to catch up with it to see how it has aged. Richard Griffiths might be best known to today's youngsters as Harry Potter's Uncle, but his TV career stretches back to the 70's and this is his finest role. As Henry Crabbe, a reluctant policeman-cum-restaurateur, dreaming of a running a restaurant but indispensable to the force, he's nigh on perfect. It's 'warm', rather than hilarious, but with great support from Maggie Steed, the five series here are the epitome of quality, cosy Sunday night television. ★★★★

The Funhouse

(Arrow Video, Blu-ray £27.99)

Tobe Hooper may be (in)famous for *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, and the acknowledged classic *Poltergeist*, but *The Funhouse* may just be the most fun you'll have with any of his films. Two teenage couples visit a carnival, then spend the night there for fun after it has closed. Witnessing a murder, they find themselves at the mercy of an evil creature. Hooper's greatest trick is to take the standard macabre elements of a carnival and turn them up to 11. It's jumpy, its creepy, and on a Blu-ray packed with extras, it's better than ever.
★★★★

Cold Comfort Farm

(Fremantle Media Enterprises, DVD £12.99)

The main attraction in this adaptation of Stella Gibbons' much-admired novel isn't Kate Beckinsale. She plays the lead, Flora Poste, charmingly enough – and it helps that she's one of the prettiest girls ever to walk the earth – but it's the rich cast around her that makes it all worthwhile. Like a Harry Potter movie, it's packed full of character actors – Ian McKellen, Stephen Fry, Eileen Atkins, Joanna Lumley, Miriam Margoyles, Rufus Sewell and more. It's ripe, witty, a bucolic British confection that's well worth spending an evening with.
★★★★

Electric Blue: The Collection

(Icon Home Entertainment, DVD £15.99)

"The truth is sex and cars and dreams..." Ah, the classic *Electric Blue* theme tune, the soundtrack to many a furtive wank in our teenage years. For some readers, *Electric Blue* was one of the few ways to get adult material back in the 80's, without visiting some dodgy under-the-counter merchant. *Club*'s editor, luckily, grew up in a video shop, which as a teenager he was often in charge of. He's lucky not to be blind. This 5 disc collection of classic moments is undoubtedly dated, but what from the 80's isn't? It's still great fun, a video magazine of classic models, wet T-shirt competitions, dodgy acting and tons of great British boobs.
★★★★

Erotique: Masterpieces of Erotic Art

Michelle Olley (Carlton Books £20.00)

Most compendia of erotic art are usually just cheap excuses for some pictures of genitalia – and, of course, there's nothing too wrong with that. Michelle Olley – a contributor to *Skin Two* magazine – aims a bit higher, and selects a diverse range of work. So we have Gustav Klimt rubbing shoulders with Allen Jones' pop art, Giger's alien sexuality and Tom of Finland's homo-eroticism. Olley's introductions and biographies are informative without straying into pretension, making this a risqué addition to your coffee table.

Treasures of Nirvana

Gillian G. Gaar (Carlton Books £25.00)

TREASURES OF
NIRVANA
EXPERIENCE THE BIGGEST ROCK BAND OF THE 90'S, WITH THIS AMAZING BOX SET,
WHICH INCLUDES A FULLY ILLUSTRATED COLOUR BOOK AND FACSIMILE OF RARE MEMORABILIA

While most acts from the Grunge era – late 80's to early 90's – haven't stood the test of time, Nirvana's reputation has only grown stronger. Of course, that will happen when your enigmatic front man kills himself, but Nirvana's music always had too much depth and complexity to be lost in time. Gillian G. Gaar teases out what made the threesome so special, in a book packed with facsimile memorabilia – a ticket from their Rock City, Nottingham, gig for example – that captures the group and the era as if in amber.

Britain At War: From the Invasion of Poland to the Surrender of Japan

Richard Overy (Carlton Books £30.00)

RICHARD OVERY
BRITAIN AT WAR
FROM THE INVASION OF POLAND TO THE SURRENDER OF JAPAN
1939-1945
THIS BOOK CONTAINS RARE REMOVABLE DOCUMENTS, MAPS AND MEMORABILIA

Our fascination with World War II seemingly knows no bounds. Whether it's a lavish HBO series or a chunky *World at War* boxset, our shelves groan with examinations of the last great global conflict. Richard Overy is something of a specialist, a professor of history who has published extensively in this area. This isn't one of his in-depth books, however, but a highly readable and lavishly illustrated volume, full of the facsimile material common to many of Carlton's books, items that work so much better than just simple scans on the page. Highly recommended. ♣

The Club International

Stereo of Filth & Love!

With Club's fanny-obsessed music madman DJ Radio Jamaica

September 2011

ALBUM REVIEWS

HARD FI

Killer Sounds (Atlantic)

The Staines massive are back with their 3rd album of partially chavvish but extremely lovable indie anthems. Stuart Price AKA Jacques Lu Conte has twisted the knobs on a few of the tracks making it the perfect soundtrack for knobbing young ladies in track suits.

RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS

I'm With You (Warners)

It's 12 years since the release of *Californication* which means that if you were trying your best to shag 18-year-olds back then, you probably shouldn't be right now. Still, if you can get away with it... *I'm With You* is the band's first album since 2006.

DJ SHADOW

Less You Know The Better (Island)

DJ Shadow really can be a trump card if played to the right lady at the right time. If she looks like she's gonna love the alternative sounds and samples then bang this on the iPod dock, polish off the MDMA, and you should be mixin' and scratchin' inside her knickers during the opening track.

THE KOOKS

Junk Of The Heart (Virgin)

Chav girls think upon The Kooks in the same way that your mother used to think about Mick Jagger – it makes them dripping wet through and just how we like it. Play loud, tell them what they want to hear, and then fuckin' destroy them...

THE WOLFMEN

Married To The Eiffel Tower (Howl Records)

What a totally random decent listen this is – 2 members are ex-Adam & The Ants guitarist and bass players and one track has Sinead O Connor on vocals. It all works a treat and is ideal bait for MILFs. Play track 5, pour that 48 year old beauty a rum and coke and watch her rattle around on the end of your cock.

The Beatherding Crackpots

Club goes to the Beatherder festival and chats to The Lancashire Hotpots vocalist, guitarist, and all round good guy – Bernard Thresher...

How are you enjoying the Beatherder festival?

Beatherder, I can tell you now, is one of the best festivals in the UK. We had the worst time ever at Glastonbury – don't get me wrong, playing at Glastonbury is fantastic but it's just horrible masses of wet and mud. Beatherder is so cuddly and everybody is bonkers and up for a laugh It's turning into a classy little festival.

What did you think of the quality of the fanny at Beatherder?

This year, with the sun shining, it's astonishing. It's one of those times when you have to go out wearing sunglasses – you can have a cheeky stare without getting hit on the arm. There's a few ladies in the full burlesque outfits which is a good effort, the girls in bikinis are very welcome, and they're all bladdered! Girls, sun, and booze – the perfect combination.

What's your tipple of choice?

Carlsberg. It's so weak that you can start drinking at 11am, drink all day, and still play a good set at 11pm. If Stella was on the rider then we'd never make it onstage.

What random things have happened to the Hotpots?

After the gigs we always go out and sign stuff and have pictures taken with people and occasionally you get young and excited people of the female gender who like you to sign certain parts of their body. This particular girl had requested a signature on her upper chestal region and this lad who was stood next to her kept going, "Why don't you give him a kiss. Go on, kiss him." Whilst I was signing her bits, I asked this lad if he was her friend. It turned out he was her husband! He was taking pictures of me signing her bits and I just thought that was a bit weird. Horses for courses though!

Anything else?

This girl was once giving us all some heavy flirting and she invited us to the pub over the road. So over the road we went and she's stood behind the bar with 5 pints and a big smile on her face. We were all thinking, "Free ale, how good is this." Next thing, she says, "That's £16 please." She didn't have a clue who we were and she only wanted the business!

What random jobs have you done?

Me and Bob used to work at Knowsley Safari Park for years. Bob used to drive the train around the lake and past the elephants. One day, he's got a train load of girl guides and some monkeys have escaped. As he's approaching the elephants, some bloke in a Land Rover just appears and shoots this monkey and blows its head off! All these kids were screaming like mad but he had to keep on driving the train.

Could you get your mates in for free at the safari park?

Yeah, of course. In fact, I could make a phone call now and get you in next week, no problem! I had to leave the safari park though. Before the Hotpots, we were doing this spoof German techno band called Moped. Chris Moyles gave us this gig down in Brighton with Fat Boy Slim. I told work that I needed the day off to play with Fat Boy Slim but they wouldn't give it us, so I just left. You've got to make these life decisions.

Women: shaven or bushy?

I don't mind a bit of old skool but only if it's on the telly. It's 2011 – let's just keep everything a bit tidy.

Where's the most unique place you've had sex.

In a G reg maroon Ford Fiesta. It was a bit cramped to be honest and over a little bit quick.

Where was the car parked?

In Knowsley Safari Park!

Cheers Bernard – keep on shaggin'! Massive thanks to the Beatherder festival for the weekend passes.

September **2011**

GIG GUIDE

Finger a girl whilst enjoying live music...

Danny & The Champions Of The World
Brum Hare & Hound 21st
London Shepherd's Bush Hall 22nd
Manchester Deaf Institute 29th

Echo And The Bunnymen
Manchester Palace Theatre 24th
Brum Symphony Hall 25th
London Palladium 26th
Glasgow Royal Concert Hall 28th
York Grand Opera House 29th
Liverpool Philharmonic 30th

DJ Shadow
London Village Underground 7th, 8th, 9th

Hard Fi
London Forum 23rd
Bristol Anson Rooms 25th
Northumbria University 29th
Manchester Ritz 30th

Kaiser Chiefs
Kirkstall Abbey 10th & 11th

The Rapture
Manchester Academy 7th & 8th

The Wombats
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall 23rd
Cambridge Corn Exchange 24th
Bristol Colston Hall 26th
Brixton Academy 28th

ON THE GAME

Deus Ex: Human Revolution

(Square Enix)

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

★★★★

There's a lot of weight on the shoulders of *Deus Ex: Human Revolution*. Many are those who regard the game that kick-started this franchise in 2000 as the greatest PC game of all time, and while the sequel (2003) was nowhere near as good, it still has its fans. But 8 years is a very long time in gaming, and it has to prove itself all over again. Will the combination of FPS and role-playing still be in perfect sync? Will we care about the new protagonist, Adam Jensen, as he explores the shady world of neuroprosthetics? While it doesn't replicate the feeling we first had exploring this world in 2000, it does deliver thrills, a well-thought out story and the feeling that your choices have consequences. In fact, we're pretty hooked at the moment. If you'll excuse us...

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows Part 2

(EA)

Xbox 360, PS3, PC, Wii, DS

★★★

Anyone who's played the previous mountain of Harry Potter tie-ins will know the score – they're not in any way meant for hardcore gamers, but as licenses go, they're not bad. To be honest, they're the perfect games for children who just want to relive Harry's adventures, and if they're willing to forego the pleasures of decent prose in their books, how questioning are they going to be about linear gameplay? So: 8 playable characters, barney with Voldemort, Hogwarts ablaze – if you've seen the film there are no surprises, but while it doesn't have much replay value, it's great for keeping the kids/sad fat wife into dragons quiet.

Rugby World Cup 2011

(505 Games)

PS3, Xbox 360

★★★

There are some games that just defy a decent conversion to console or PC gaming. Darts is one – there are no obstacles to anyone playing that in real life anyway – and rugby another. It's just a complex, bitty game that is hard to replicate – American football, for many reasons, is much easier to adapt, and that's been a roaring success. But 505 Games have delivered a decent effort here to tie in with the battle for the Webb Ellis Cup in NZ. Graphics are good, gameplay flows and, while it's far from perfect, this is a more than decent stab at one of gaming's toughest nuts to crack.

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PEACHES

The place to be for the world's dirtiest backdoor sex stories, where every girl gets a bum deal...

FOUR-PLAY!

It's been a fantasy of mine for years to be fucked by two guys at once, but my husband John has never seemed that keen on the idea. But as one of my 'big birthdays' approached, I was determined to fulfil this fantasy, and I knew just how to go about it.

John's always loved watching me go with other girls, so I asked my friend Paige if she could help me out. Paige and I have been fucking each other on-and-off every few months since we met about 5 years ago, including a few times with John, and I knew that he fancied her rotten. So if I could get Paige to turn up with another guy, and then tell John that he could fuck her if the other guy and him would fuck me together after, then I reckoned that he'd go for it.

So on the night that I'd arranged with Paige, she turned up at our house dressed just the way that I know John likes – kind of girly and slightly slutty at the same time, with lots of lace on show and the promise of plenty more underneath. She brought with her Geoff, who she described as her 'friend'. I'd told John that Paige was coming over for a treat, so he was horny as hell by the time she arrived, and even though he looked a bit cross to see Geoff in tow, I could see that he was too hot for Paige to go back now.

We all had a glass of wine to relax, then headed upstairs, me eyeing Geoff up as we went. He was pretty good-looking, about my age and quite muscular – definitely my type. Once in the bedroom, Paige took over with John just like we'd planned, manoeuvring him over to a chair and starting to give him a nice, leisurely blowjob. With John suitably distracted, I led Geoff to the other chair, unbuttoning his jeans and pulling down his zip before sitting him down. I knelt on a cushion in front of him, and got him to lift his arse in the air as I slid down his pants. And wow, what a shock I got – his cock was an absolute monster! It was already hard, no surprise there, and not that much longer than John's. But boy was it thick – at least half as thick again as my husband's. I took it in my hand, and could only just encircle it with my fingers, before dipping forward, taking the tip between my lips and sliding my mouth down the shaft.

It was so big I could only get an inch or two in, before it felt like my mouth was filled to gagging-point with cock. I used my tongue to work at the sensitive underside of the head, whilst wanking the shaft with my hand.

Looking over, I could see that Paige was still working slowly on John's cock, which was all part of the plan, whilst I bobbed my head up and down on Geoff's monster tool for all I was worth. No man could stand much of that, and after a minute or two I heard Geoff grunt that he was coming, and then a spurt of hot sticky cum fill my mouth. I normally pride myself on being able to swallow everything that John gives me, but Geoff's cock was so huge in my mouth, as his second and third spurts erupted I couldn't gulp them down quick enough, and I had to pull away and let some dribble out of my mouth and down my chin as I gasped for breath. Geoff still had more to go though, and two further spurts leapt from his tool and caught me square on the cheek, running down my face to join the sticky mess on my chin.

Not quite to plan, but at least Paige was keeping up her side of the bargain, and had kept John hard but not yet spent in her mouth. I stood up and walked over to where he sat, taking him by the hand and leading him to the bed as Paige allowed his cock to slip from between her lips. I lay him back on

> **"The next thing that I felt was the unmistakeable feel of lube on my anus"**

the bed, then slipped out of my skirt and panties and knelt astride him, lowering myself down on to him as Paige took his cock and guided it into my cunt, which by now was sopping wet.

I leant forward and started to ever-so-slowly ride John, waiting whilst Paige continued with our plan to get Geoff hard again and lead him to my mouth, to allow me to finally fulfil my fantasy of having a cock in my pussy and a cock in my mouth at the same time. But instead of going over to Geoff, I felt Paige gently pull my arse cheeks apart, then dip forwards and start to lick round my little brown hole. Not exactly what we'd agreed, but I knew from past experience that Paige loved tonguing my arsehole, so I thought that it would do no harm to let her have some fun before getting back to business. She licked her way gently round my rim, before flicking her tongue over my sensitive hole, probing it ever so slightly as she did so.

After a few minutes of this, I heard her move away, and guessed that she'd remembered our agreement at last. But the next thing that I felt was the unmistakable feel of a blob of cold lube on my anus, followed by the equally unmistakable feel of first one then two of Paige's fingers pushing into my bum. I turned to look over my shoulder and ask what she was doing, only to see that with her other hand she was holding Geoff's cock, now fully hard again and as impressive as before, and was pulling it and him towards my arse. Before I could speak, Paige's fingers were being replaced by the tip of Geoff's monster tool at my tight entrance, and she was pushing his cock further into me with her hand clasped round its base.

Now I'm no prude when it comes to taking cock up the arse – I usually let John bum me at least once a week, and I've even let him do it whilst I've had a dildo up my cunt at the same time. But Geoff's cock was something else again – it was just so thick, that even without John stretching my pussy at the same time it would have been an effort, and with one cock already in me it felt like I was being split wide open as Geoff started to push forward, urged on by Paige. But it was too late to go back now, so I leaned forward again and whispered to John, "I've got Geoff's cock in my arse now too, and I think that he's going to bugger me senseless whilst you fuck me. Is that OK?" John smiled up at me and replied "You go for it, Baby – you take all the cock you can get," and with that he thrust himself upwards deep in to my pussy, determined to claim a place for himself before the full onslaught of Geoff's cock in my arse.

By now Geoff had got almost two-thirds of his dick up me, and was still pushing hard. Paige came round on the bed to where John's head was, and hitching her skirt up and pulling her panties aside, she lay back on the bed and opened her legs wide to allow me to lean forward and bury my face in her snatch, to muffle the sound of my moans as Geoff made one further push, and I felt the

> **"I felt two rivulets of spunk leap from my gaping hole and run down my thighs"**

remainder of his cock press into my anus. I'd watched girls being DP'd on John's pornos before, and had often wondered how they managed to take so much cock without yelling. Well now I was finding out for myself – sure, it was a little uncomfortable to have both my holes so full at the same time, but the waves of pleasure that I could feel building inside of me more than compensated for that, and I lifted my head from Paige's sticky cunt to shout, "Now fuck me hard, both of you"

They didn't need asking twice, and John started to buck his hips upwards whilst Geoff hammered his massive member in and out of my arsehole like a man possessed. I've never felt so well and truly fucked before in all my life, and the sweet taste of Paige's pussy-juice in my mouth as I pushed my tongue as deep as it would go into her twat was the final straw, and I came in a juddering climax, juices spurting out of me on to John's belly as I did so. This was all too much for him, and I felt a warm wodge of his cum deposited into my cunt, followed a few moments later by a similar feeling in my arse as Geoff shot his load inside me as well.

To my disappointment, Geoff pulled almost straight out of my bum, but seconds later I realised what he had wanted to see, as I felt first one then two rivulets of spunk leak from my still gaping hole and run down the backs of my thighs. Clamping my hand between my legs as I did so to plug the flow from one hole at least, I lifted myself off John's cock, and edged on my knees over his body and up Paige's, until I was kneeling astride her face. I took my hand away from my crotch, and watched a big glob of John's cum drip out into Paige's open mouth.

I expected her to complain, but she just moaned loudly, and looking back over my shoulder I could see why – John had rolled over onto his side, and now had his head between her thighs and his tongue busy between her legs. I knew that he would be giving her clit a proper seeing-to – I'd taught him everything he knew about that – so I lowered my own pussy down firmly on to Paige's face, leaving her no choice but to push her tongue up inside me to taste more of John's spunk there. I reached behind me and gingerly felt my arse, still a little open and tender from the pounding that Geoff had given it. "Make sure you get at least three fingers up her bum," I instructed John, "She wants to take you and Geoff up there at the same time later". I never knew that hearing another girl try to argue with my cunt squashed into her face could feel so good…

Jo, Coventry ♣

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?

£50

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PHOTOS: STEVE COLBY

QUEEN BEE!

Yes, we want to marry Marry...

Marry made her *Club* debut earlier this year, telling us that in their rush to paw her fine boobs, men often ignored her super-tight other bits. Still an issue?

"Not so much," she laughs. "I got some lovely filthy letters from the *Club* readers, mostly full of pussy worship. I didn't know just how much imagination people put into sexual fantasies – I'd never heard of some of the stuff, never mind tried it!"

Yes, our readers are a creative lot.

"So much so that I ended up writing back to one, and we ended up meeting up. It goes without saying I told him to put his money where his mouth was!" ♣

MARRY

What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

Down The Wire

Rabbits Recycled

Different strokes for different folks, and all that, which is why it's fine that people take different attitudes to recycling. While we spend ages separating our plastics and our papers and rinsing labels from bottles, our neighbours are happy to do their bit by letting their fridge rust in the front garden, presumably in the aim of catching an inquisitive cat or child inside it.

But we've never thought of recycling our clapped-out sex toys before, until Lovehoney announced a 'Rabbit Amnesty'. Whether new or used, clean or suspiciously sticky, they'll strip the metal and plastic out of your butt plug/dildo/whatever to make new things with. They also make donations to the World Land Trust on your behalf and you can earn 'Oh! Points' towards new Lovehoney toys. Sounds like a good idea, and we'll get this butt plug right over to them as soon as we can get it out of our arse.

A horse walks into a bar...

We've drunk some filth in our time – we refer you to Kestrel Super Strength – and some ales that don't earn the description 'fruity', exactly, but the regulars at the Green Man Pub in Wellington, New Zealand, have got us beat. As part of the 14th annual Monteith's Beer & Wild Food Challenge, the pub has been serviing up Hoihoi tatea – or horse spunk to you and I.

The apple-infused tipple (thank heaven for small wonders) is reportedly 'like custard', which is making us gag, and pub chef Jason Varley revealed that women have been lapping it up. "Ladies thought it was great," he told reporters, "a couple were going to go home and get their husbands to eat grass." Still, being Kiwis we suppose it makes a change from Hobbit jizz.

Breast-fled!

There are many ways we'd try to avoid arrest. Chief among those is by not doing anything illegal in the first place. But then we'd maybe try a disguise, or carry shooters. Stephanie Robinette of Ohio tried a different tack when she was arrested in June after the Delaware County Sheriff's office received a call that she was having a barney with her husband.

Rather than going quietly when the rozzers turned up at the banqueting hall where the contretemps was occurring, she locked herself in her car then, screaming that she was a breastfeeding mum, she flopped out a milker and promptly squirted the stunned cops with breast milk. She faces numerous charges but, according to Sheriff Walter L Davis III, the charge of 'harassing a law-enforcement officer with a bodily substance' depends on 'whether deputies were actually hit with the breast milk'. Please call us for the jury on this one. Please.

A recreation of the event, earlier today.

Smashing It!

Even getting a reacharound or a blowjob while driving is famously dangerous – but just how deadly could it be to actually have sex while in control of a car – at 85mph? This is the issue vexing a court in Virginia after a plaintiff filed a claim alleging that a driver crashed into his vehicle last year at over 85mph, drunk, having sex with a female and 'partially or totally in the backseat of a car.'

The defendant denies he was even driving (despite already being found guilty of drunk driving), but that a third party was at the wheel. This is denied by the plaintiff. Again, can we be in the jury on this one? We promise not to laugh when all the juicy details come out. ♣

Right up the hatchback!

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Megan Coxxx rolls out the barrel!

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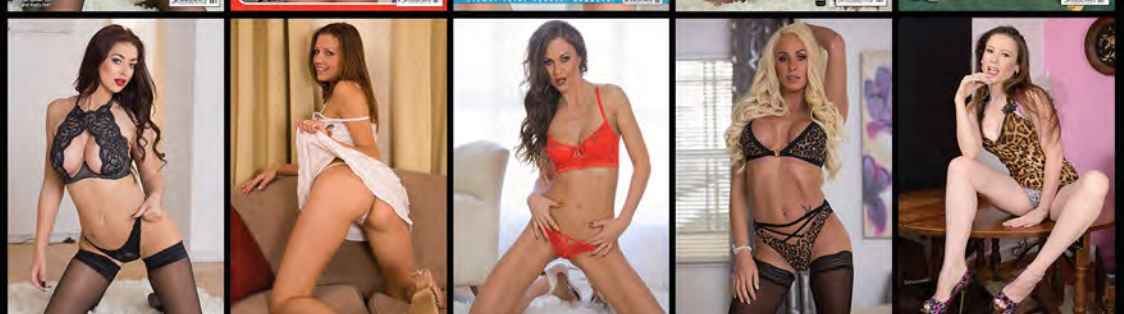

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